

The description of GILES MOMPESSON late Knight censured by Parliament The 17<sup>th</sup> of March.

1620.

This craftie GILES through faire & false pretences  
Committinge for redressing foule offences  
From Tapsters tubs, from Innes moist droppage quills  
And other crafts, with Coyne his cofers fills  
For greedie gaine hee thrust the weake to wall,  
And thereby gotte himselfe the divell and all,  
His name MO-EMPSONS Anagramme doth make  
And Empsons courses also did hee take;  
Oppression sore hee used where hee went  
As yet not thinkinge of a Parliament.

But Parliament once call'd then Giles was brought  
Unto account, contrary to his thought  
There to the Serjeant ward hee was committed,  
Which made him much to feare, hee should be fited  
For all those former wrongs, that hee had done;  
Which from his keeper made him here to runne;  
Hee outlawde therefore was and banisht quite  
And also judg'd to be no more a Knight:  
Not only so but infamous inrold,  
Although before hee Iustice seat contrould.

Nowe beinge censur'd bannished and gone,  
With pensive speech, thus may hee mourne alone:  
Woe worthe the time when first on Innes I thought  
For private gaines when I their hindrance sought,  
Those Monopolies cursed bee with shame,  
Which have my reputation thus made lame:  
My Honours which hath turnd to other styles  
From S<sup>r</sup> Mompeyson unto poore lame Giles;  
Yet haultinge nowe before, me thinks I see  
Some in the way of haultinge after mee.



All you which Monopolies seeke for gaines,  
And faire pretences turne to other straines;  
Example take by Giles Mompeyson's fall,  
Least honie sweet soone turne to bitter gall.

Which to prevent, see that you undertake  
None other thinge, but such as sure may make  
A benefite to common wealth and Kinge;  
Which will your wealth and honour also bringe.

For why, you knowe, our gracious Kinge is bent  
To give his faithfull subiects all content;  
Where love is due, hee lovingly doth show't,  
Where mercies meete by pardon many know't,

By rendringe Iustice unto great and small,  
The smale ones trippes & great ones downe right fall,  
Oh what more needs a Loyall Subiect crave  
Then mercy, love, and justice choice to have.